Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, JANUARY 10, 1900. NUMBER 19

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

SIXTH GENERAL MEETING

OF THE

Congress of Religion

HELD IN

THE FIRST CHURCH OF BOSTON, AND THE MEMORIAL CHURCH OF CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

April 24 to 29, 1900.

A PAMPHLET OF 248 PAGES. SENT POSTPAID, 25 CENTS.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE CONGRESS INCLUDING PUBLICATIONS $5.00

Published by the
UNITY PUBLISHING CO.,
3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
NOTES 291
Midnight Closing 292
Human Progress—E. P. P. 293
I Would Sing of the Future—J. A. EDGERTON 293
THE PULPIT—
The Call of the Twentieth Century—I. To the Preachers—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 294
GOOD POETRY—
Sidney Lanier 297
Rose Morals—I. Red; II. White. Song for the Jacquerie 297
THE STUDY TABLE—
Plaint of an Outcast Woman When Dying—HATTIE TYNG-GRISWOLD 298
Notes—E. P. P. 298
The Peace Conference at The Hague 299
The Social Critic 299
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 300
A Kind Goodbye 300
Rutherford B. Hayes and the Farmer 300
THE FIELD—
Ye Stars My Helpers Are—STELLA H. SEED 301
Grand Rapids, Mich. 301
Unitarian Activities—
Moline, Ill. 301
Jackson, Mich. 301
Mt. Pleasant, Mich. 301
Manistee, Mich. 301
Salem, Ohio 301
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 301
Books Received 302

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Second Annual Mid - Continent Congress of Religion

CHICAGO, JANUARY 23 AND 24, 1901

Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church,

Dr. J. A. Rondthaler, Pastor.

OUTLINE PROGRAM

(Subject to change)

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 23.

DR. H. W. THOMAS, Presiding.

7:30 p. m. Music, Choir Fullerton Avenue Church.
Invocation.

7:45 p. m. Address of Welcome—Lay Representative Fullerton Avenue Church.
Response—Dr. Thomas, President Congress of Religion.

8:00 p. m. *Spiritual Elements in Current Life*—Prof. W. H. Carruth, University of Kansas.

8:30 p. m. *The Movement of Liberal Religion in Scotland*—The Rev. Albert Lazenby, Pastor Unity Church, Chicago.

9:00 p. m. *Sociology as the Antidote to Sectarianism*—The Rev. Henry F. Ward, Pastor Forty-Seventh Street M. E. Church, Chicago.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 24.

THE REV. FRANK CRANE, D.D., Presiding.

1:00 p. m. Meeting of officers and members of the Congress of Religion for consultation and transaction of business relating to the future work of the Congress.

2:00 p. m. *Religion's Larger World*—Edwin D. Mead, Editor New England Magazine, Boston.

2:30 p. m. *The Ethical Elements in Socialism and Individualism*—William M. Salter, Lecturer Chicago Society Ethical Culture.

3:00 p. m. *The Regenerative Aim in Charitable Administration*—Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, Supt. Chicago Bureau of Charities.

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 24.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Gen. Sec'y Congress of Religion, Presiding.

7:30 p. m. Music—Choir Fullerton Avenue Church.

8:00 p. m. *The Preparation of the Nineteenth Century for Social Service in the Twentieth*—The Rev. Graham Taylor, D.D., Professor Christian Sociology in Chicago Theo. Sem., and Warden of Chicago Com mons.

8:20 p. m. *The Social Obligations of Educational Institutions*—The Rev. R. A. White, D.D., Pastor Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Chicago.

8:40 p. m. *The Social Obligations of Municipal Government*—The Rev. Emil G. Hirsch, Ph. D.

General Discussion.

The addresses will be limited as far as possible to twenty-five minutes, and discussion will follow each address as time permits.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1901. NUMBER 19

Religious federation is in the air. At least on four different lines, each independent of the other. The ministers of Chicago are groping towards a union and the fact that no opposition has been developed on any one of these lines is most significant. The only difficulties encountered are the difficulties of preoccupation, distance and the poverty of time, strength and money. The last unexpected move in this direction sprung from a joint conference of the theological faculties of the three divinity schools that center in and around Chicago—the Methodist school of Evanston, the Congregationalist school on the West Side, and the Baptist school of the University of Chicago.

The smoker is again taking comfort in the alleged discovery that tobacco is very necessary to the soldier. The *Lancet*, the eminent medical English authority, as quoted by the *Literary Digest*, would seem to favor the idea that tobacco has some economic value as a substitute for food, but it also thinks that it is such to the soldier because his open air life seems to successfully compete with the other injurious effects of the nasty weed. The conclusion of science would seem to be then that if a man smokes out of doors he will escape many of the dangers of the weed, perhaps derive some little good. Very well. Let the smokers bring themselves up to the last scientific consolation and hereafter when they would smoke scientifically let them go out of doors to do it.

With the New Year's number of our neighbor, the *Reform Advocate*, comes the announcement that Mr. Charles E. Bloch, senior member of the firm of Bloch & Newman, publishers, retires and leaves the *Advocate* entirely in the hands of Mr. Newman. We understand that Mr. Bloch transfers his business interests and his residence to New York city. For two years Bloch & Newman were the publishers of UNITY and for many years we have been the recipients of courtesies and fellowship from Mr. Bloch, and UNITY bids him good speed on his new venture, and also greets Mr. Newman in his position of increased responsibility. It will be a high task for him to justify the past growth and efficiency of the *Reform Advocate*. Success to them all round.

In the *Free Church Record* for December, Alfred W. Martin offers a tabulated study in comparative religion. Here he tries to analyze in diagram fashion the "cause and cure of evil," in short, to show how the seven great religious systems of the world have answered the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" Here are the answers: "Hinduism says, meditation, and ultimate absorption in Brahma, the soul of the universe; Buddha, selflessness—Nirvana; Zoroastrianism, work, promoting the sole and universal rule of Ahura Mazda, the Beneficent One; Confucianism, worship of the past and especially of ancestors; Mohammedanism, submission to Allah; Judaism, fulfillment of the law; Christianity, belief on the Lord Jesus Christ; Universal or Unsectarian Religion, further evolution or self evolution and self devotion." These answers may be inadequate, certainly the last two seem to us to be inadequate and partial, but the attempt so to tabulate is interesting.

The editor of the *Literary Digest*, starting from the article in *Scribner's* for December, discusses the "Eclipse of George Eliot," which he predicates because "her name, which was on every lip a few years ago and the theme of innumerable articles, is now scarcely the subject of literary allusion." This kind of reasoning would justify the assumption that there is an "eclipse" of Thackeray, of Walter Scott, even of Shakespeare himself. The names of Goethe, Victor Hugo and Carlyle are subject to this same kind of "eclipse." We doubt the existence of any other kind concerning the name of George Eliot, at least we would suspend judgment until the libraries and the booksellers are heard from. Not until it is proven that her books lie upon the shelves uncalled for and that the publishers have ceased to profit by her publications will it be proven that there is an "Eclipse of George Eliot."

"Existing conditions" which forbid the hope of any great modification of the present commercial methods and economic conditions of the world, are often urged. These "existing conditions" were recently defined by a clear thinker in a sociological class as "the selfishness of human nature and the rights of private property." But are these "existing conditions" so absolute and imperative? Is there not in human nature an element of altruism which it is possible to appeal to even during business hours? Does the right of private property carry with it unlimited right to acquire, or does it justify that the available possessions of the world should by skillful manipulation pass largely into a few hands while the multitudes are compelled to live meagerly if not in want, on account of a congested circulation of the world's goods? There are other "existing conditions" besides those mentioned and it is the business of the man of affairs as well as the minister to discover those other conditions, respect them and enforce them.

It is with regret that we record the news of the death of Rev. Dr. Alfred William Momerie, of London. Dr. Momerie was one of the conspicuous figures at the Parliament of Religions. The Parliament of Religions meant to him not a passing curiosity but a permanent movement. So great was the opportunity that it opened before his mind that he carried its message

around the globe after its successful conclusion, visiting Australia, the far East, and returning by way of the United States, speaking wherever he could in the interest of universal fellowship. His was the most commanding word at the meeting which organized the Congress of Religion in Sinai Temple, Chicago, the year following the Parliament year. He has been one of the honored vice-presidents of the Congress to this day and communications have passed between him and the officers of the Congress. It was a favorite dream of his that at no distant date the Congress of Religion would hold a session in England, for which end he was preparing the way. But now the end has come and other hands must carry on the work which he so well began.

In the death of P. D. Armour not only Chicago but the world has lost one of its kings of commerce, one whose success as a distributer of food necessities is probably unparalleled in the history of the world. But not as a great provisioner will he be remembered the longest, but as a man who had sense enough to stop in the exciting race of money making long enough to take three millions out of his gains and during his lifetime give of his wisdom and skill to the investment of these three millions for the benefit of coming generations. The Armour Institute, not the Armour Packing House, will be his noblest monument, indeed, in the long run the packing house will find its chief justification in the Armour Institute. Why will not the money making members of society learn the lesson and go and do likewise before it is too late? The man who leaves a fortune uninvested probably leaves, as is amply proved by the facts of history, that which will debilitate his descendants, be a source of discontent and controversy in his family, and cause a pitying smile among his neighbors and insure for him speedy forgetfulness if not the contempt of his survivors.

That was a sad and pathetic ride all the way from Phœnix, Arizona, to the old home at Buda, Illinois, which the dear old man, Father Chester Covell took with the body of the faithful companion in the baggage car; she who for nearly fifty years had walked by his side, an efficient helpmeet. Mr. and Mrs. Covell left their home a few months ago to escape the severity of an Illinois winter and to enjoy the hospitality of a sister's home in that more genial climate. They called it "grippe" but it was the running down of the machine; it was the rest nobly won, the release after a long and good day's work. There is nothing to be regretted except that it leaves the dear old patriarch lonely in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Had she lived until the thirteenth of next May they could have celebrated their golden wedding. But more than golden memories and more than golden benedictions are his. Mr. and Mrs. Covell never had any children after the flesh but their spiritual children are a multitude. The boys and girls, now gray haired men and women, who have nestled in their confidences, been strengthened by their love and guided by their wisdom, are beyond number. UNITY joins with this numberless host in reverence for the memory of the faithful wife, in sympathy and love for the noble husband who though bereaved is not friendless nor lonely because he is surrounded by a multitude of friends and lovers.

Midnight Closing.

In the "spasm of virtue" which has seized the mayor's office in Chicago there has been discovered some unexpected potency in dormant ordinances. The mayor has found out that he can cancel licenses the terms of which have been violated, and thereby close out certain iniquitous "dives" which have been continuously a lure for the unwary and a trap for the weak for months and years on some of our prominent and otherwise respectable corners at the heart of Chicago. He has also found out that it is possible to enforce the midnight closing act as it applies to saloons, and for a few days Chicago has been practically a "dry town" from twelve o'clock at night until five o'clock in the morning. That is to say the conspicuous "all night" saloons have been darkened and no liquor traffic is possible except under painful secrecy and a deliberate attempt to evade the police force that has suddenly awakened to its duty. Now there comes the usual cry for "liberty," the complaint against "sumptuary laws" and the apparently pathetic cry from the night workers, particularly the printers, who think they are deprived of the comforts of night work by being denied the "refreshment" which is allowed to the day workers. And there seems to be a disposition on the part of some good citizens to take seriously this demand of the printers and there are indications that an effort will be made to repeal the ordinance. Perhaps it will be done before this reaches the eye of our readers. The fact that this appeal for an "all night" saloon carries any plausibility to the respectable citizen shows how indulgent public sentiment has grown in regard to alleged inevitable vices. It is to be noticed that the saloon is closed only from midnight to five o'clock in the morning, five hours of prohibition, and those the hours when all decent men are in bed or engaged in the inevitable decencies of industry. This very fact makes the five hours the most available for debauchery of every kind. They are the working hours of the law breaker. For those who are legitimately awake during these hours there are in the city "all night" lunch counters and restaurants not far to seek, and if there are not enough to meet the demand, the demand will soon create them. And if the printer has become so habituated to his grog it would not seem to be a very great hardship to compel him to lay in a supply before midnight sufficient to carry him through until five o'clock in the morning.

The midnight closing act is so much of prohibition. When our municipal authorities show how easy it is to enforce this principle five hours out of the twenty-four they may take courage and find that it is possible to prohibit on the one rest day of the week and the few holidays of the year, when indulgence is most dangerous, such as election day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, etc. Even the short experience of Chicago goes to

prove how much might be done if we only had a mayor released from the entanglements of party politics, obligations to the "heelers" and the "howlers" in the ward, and if he was allied to the nobler forces of the community as now he confessedly is to the baser elements in our cities. Can we not have comparative quiet and safety even in our cities at least from twelve o'clock midnight until five o'clock in the morning?

Human Progress.

One of the most interesting and important addresses at the last Congress of Religion was by Professor Cummings, of Harvard, on the Curve of Human Progress. It was a brilliant discussion of the fact of periodicity in human history—involving the optimistic fact that no period exactly reappears on its old level, but on a higher—thus accomplishing evolution in the higher sense of progress. Statistics seem to have demonstrated cycles of commercial evolution, followed by points of depression. But this is not all; for all history seems to come around upon itself in periods of greater or lesser length. Beginning with the Abrahamic or Brahmic era, 2000 B. C. a cycle of reform touched the Mosaic and Manu period, about 1500 B. C.; then again the Homeric and Davidic age, 1000 B. C.; and at 500 B. C. we find Socrates, Buddha and Confucius to be contemporaries, at the three great centers of civilization. This cycle of about 500 years consummates itself again, when Jesus appears, or we may almost say reappears, five hundred years later. All the way there has been a distinct gain—a cyclic rise at each of the reform points. After Jesus the cycle touches near the establishment of the papacy; then at the establishment of the hierarchy with Hildebrand; again culminating at Luther in 1500; while we are rapidly approaching the completion of what may be broadly called "The Cycle of Nationalism."

Nor is it mere cunning fancy that finds in history other cycles, completing in themselves curves of progress and human gain. It is hard otherwise to understand the wave of Napoleonism that rose within the past few years, marking the first century after the appearance of the great Corsican in human history. Nineteen hundred brings us to a remarkable development of Jeffersonianism. Jefferson, who was the first great statesman to establish ethics in politics, was elected President in 1800. He is at this moment even more virtually President of the people of the United States. It will be well for us if his spirit of ethical politics becomes the inspiration of the twentieth century. The appeal to the Sage of Monticello at the present day means, however, something larger and broader than it did one hundred years ago.

The recurrence of religious ideas can be traced with equal accuracy. Indeed in the whole history we find that religious evolution has rather dominated political. Evolution in education has proved equally recurrent in its progress. Eighteen hundred gave us the constructive energy of Thomas Jefferson, that began a congeries of state universities. Thirty-five years later brought us to Asa Mahan and co-education; as well as to Horace Mann and systematic pedagogics. Another third of a century found us well launched in the Darwinian era of scientific investigation. If the signs do not deceive us we are about to round out another cycle, of about the same period, with emancipation from precedents and books, and the establishment of industrial education—the creation not of a scholarly class but of bread-winning citizens.

However we must not venture to go too fully into such a subject as this, which very easily verges into speculation. Professor Cummings' illustrations were apt and admirably illustrative. Historians are beginning to recognize that periodicity in human progress is a great fact that must be reckoned with. In other words we are collectively as well as individually the creatures of cosmic laws, as well as the products of our own determination. Every day we go through a cycle of waking and sleeping—a cycle of progress or degeneration. The seasons also are recurrences of old emotions, sentiments, and hopes; while life gives to us its deeply significant cycles of vital functioning. If we are thus moving in greater and lesser cycles, coming about to the same point, but sublimed, does it not seem probable that we do so as parts of a cosmic life-action, that brings around, of necessity, vastly greater cycles than we are able to measure by our brief human history? Beginning with our daily cycles both physical and psychical; reaching on to our yearly cycles of seasons—also psychical as well as physical; again finding ourselves gathered up in greater cycles of commercial, religio-philosophical and political evolution, why shall we not believe also in still vaster cycles that lift life to higher reaches and vaster sweeps of thought and purpose? If we have come to consciousness and conscience in God, in our present evolution, are we not moving with God—of God; and destined, if we will, not to lower things, or to a cycle that closes in upon itself, but rises by a curve of progress to something grander and higher? In other words is not immortality a natural hope, or even necessity, demonstrated by the present order of existence?

E. P. P.

I Would Sing of the Future.

On the topmost twig of a tree
  A little bird sits and sings,
While the light of the morn glints merrily
  On the burnished hue of his wings;
A song of love and gladness sings he
  That over the woodland rings.

He sings a song of love,
  Of peace, of joy, of rest.
He sings of the happy sky above
  And his happy mate in her nest.
He sings of the summer days that move
  To the golden light of the West.

O bird, had I half thy joy,
  Had I half thy madness of mirth,
I would sing a song of a brighter sky
  Bending over a happier earth,
When wrong and greed from the world shall die
  And the better day has birth.

I would sing of a greater Greece
  Rising out of a fairer sea;
When the earth shall give her best increase
  And her bounty to all is free;
When the world at last may rest in peace
  And all men brothers be.

J. A. Edgerton.

THE PULPIT.

The Call of the Twentieth Century.

I. TO THE PREACHERS.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JANUARY 6, 1901.

What is the call of the twentieth century to the preachers?

First, I should say that they should bring their preaching up to their thinking, that the disclosures of the study should be more frankly exploited in the pulpit. Ministerial scholarship has been on the defensive long enough. It is time that the student should become aggressive. He has no apology to offer for his diligence and his honesty. There has been too wide a chasm between the revelations of the divinity school and the sermon. It is not enough for the preacher of the twentieth century to admit that evolution applies everywhere and then neglect to apply it in the one department of study for which he is responsible. The so-called higher criticism of the Bible is nothing more nor less than the application of the principle of evolution, of the methods of the laboratory, of the unquestioned conclusion of scholarship to the Bible treasures. This new view of the Bible has brought out a new view of the creeds, a new estimate of the church, and a new significance to the work of the preacher everywhere except in the pulpit, where this truth finds as yet halting expression. The twentieth century asks the preacher to speak out where now he hesitates; to teach the people impressively what they need to know concerning the results of his own studies; that most of the "isms" of Christianity have arisen not simply from diversity of interpretation of Bible text, but from the false estimate of the text itself, and that the cause of division, subdivision, the justification of sectarianism and denominational rivalry passes away when nineteenth century light is brought to bear upon twentieth century problems.

The twentieth century will expect its preachers to familiarize the people with the inspiring truth that there are more Bibles than one in the world; that the burden of the prophets of Jewry and the message of the New Testament apostles are not unique, but that they are echoed with more or less clearness on the scrolls of India and China, Persia and Arabia. The nineteenth century has no brighter page in the story of its achievements than that which is illumined by the discoveries of Sir William Jones, Anquetil du Perron, James Legge and their tireless successors, of whom Max Mueller may be taken as the most laborious and successful representative. He was dean of the nineteenth century faculty in the college of universal religion. The twentieth century asks of its preachers to give to the world, to common men and women, to the churches they minister unto, not only the ameliorating, but the inspiring message of these men, a message that they themselves have listened to with increasing delight.

The preacher of the twentieth century will be less afraid of heresy and more enamored of the growing truth. His prayer above all prayers will be for intellectual integrity. The twentieth century demands of the preacher that he have the courage to speak out and to speak up; to repudiate the hierarchical conceit that perhaps reached its fullest expression in the Egypt of long ago when the priests were wont to split the truth into two parts. One they called "esoteric"—the truth as they saw it, the truth as they knew it, truth in its relation to the All-Truth; and the "exoteric," the truth as the common people could understand; truth which the masses liked, truth that would not offend, truth that was popular—in short, truth that was untruth. Egypt died from this clerical disease. Too much of it has survived to this day, and the twentieth century begs of the preacher to have done with it, to trust the people, to believe that truth is spherical and cannot be divided without being marred.

Second, the twentieth century calls upon the preacher to bring his preaching up to his thinking that he may listen to its second call, viz., that he should bring his practice up to his preaching. If the essentials of Christianity are common to all the denominations and if Christianity holds its fundamentals in common with the other great faiths of the world, if Buddha and Jesus taught the same gospel of renunciation and pity, if Isaiah and Confucius contended for the same application of integrity and honesty to civic affairs, if Zoroaster and Paul both urged the gospel of industry, self-support, independence and an altruistic concern for the helpless; aye, if Luther and Wesley, Fox and Channing, Knox and Parker not only drew their inspirations from the same source, but turned their eyes to the same ideal and strained every nerve in body and mind to attain to that ideal, there is every reason to expect that the twentieth century minister will make more of the harmonies of religion and less of the antagonism of the creeds. The preachers of the twentieth century are called upon to apply to the matters of the spirit that economic principle that has so justified itself in the realm of material interests, the principle of co-operation and combination. However the economic problems of the world are to be spelled out, all thinkers and financiers agree that competition must give way to combination, that the commercial interests will more and more be represented by the aggregations of capital and labor and less and less by the antagonisms of capital and labor. "Trusts" so far is a divine word made too often to stand for devilish things, but it is a word that the preacher must redeem. He must apply it to celestial things, enlist it in the interest of the spirit, make it the means of increasing man's spiritual potency.

Preachers of the twentieth century must organize, not primarily to advance Methodism or Presbyterianism as against Catholicism, Judaism, no, nor paganism, or any other "ism," but they must organize in the interest of morals, combine against meanness, present a solid front against corruption in high places, selfishness in business, spiritual death in the name of prosperity and commercial success. I am not saying that the preachers of the nineteenth century have not fought these things and that the preachers now living are not alive to these issues, but it is patent to every one that the preachers have used this nineteenth century principle of co-operation but little. The preachers of Chicago are less organized than the hod-carriers. When it comes to a united effort, the ministers and the churches they lead are as chaotic and imbecile as the sweatshop industry, and for just the same reason—that each unit is so pressed in the battle of life, so absorbed with its own perplexities, so beset with the mere problem of living, the bread-and-butter necessities of life which oftentimes are better expressed by the bread-and-no-butter necessities, that there is no time, strength or courage left to take up the common interest and to take a part in the corporate struggle for decency. The old century went out in Chicago with a spasm of conscience, a feeble attempt to rise above vice, to throttle corruption in high places and to compel officials to do their duty. In this struggle we see six hundred ministers of religion, more or less, in the city of Chicago, trying to help along the work, but as yet absolutely incoherent, with no common life, with but little of that common consciousness which is the sign and condition of life. To the cheer of the new century and the honor of the ministers let it be said that the first days of the new year witness an attempt on the part of the ministers of Chicago to find

each other out, to take hold of hands and to stand together against baseness, selfishness and outwardness of every kind, and to march together in the interest of righteousness and love, modesty and economy, simplicity and all the graces of the spiritual life.

The twentieth century calls to the preacher to bring his practice up to his preaching in another direction. Scholars are now almost unanimous in saying that the "kingdom of God" taught and sought by Jesus was an earthly kingdom. No scholar has been found to challenge Tolstoy's contention that "Jesus thought the Golden Rule workable in business," and "the Sermon on the Mount applicable to this life." The preachers dare not take issue with this fundamental affirmation of the latest students of the gospels. Still more confident are the scholars in asserting that the prophets of Jewry stood for a sociological even more than a theological reform. They cried for civic righteousness; they sought to found a commonwealth based on the worship of the one true God and the service of men, his children. And still the church tarries in the atmosphere of other-worldliness and the pulpit still finds its ultimate threat in a hell after death and a heaven beyond this world and this life.

Not in antagonism to the hope of immortality, the intimations of which grow more and more clear with the development of the human soul, the confidence in which grows with the growth of the centuries, but as a part of it, indeed, as evidence of it, the twentieth century calls upon the preachers to teach men and women that the kingdom of heaven now is, that today is a part of eternity, that the judgment day is now on, that every day every man, woman and child are summoned before the bar of the eternal God, and it behooves them to live as citizens in this divine kingdom on earth. The twentieth century says to the preacher: If you have any legitimate business in the world it is to lead in the reconstruction of life, along these lines, not only to redeem the individual life, but to save the common life so that home, school and state will feel the new solemnity and rise to the new glory which is only new in the sense that the vision of the bard, the ethical demand of the prophet, are beginning to be felt in common life and to be applied by the many to every-day problems.

The people of the twentieth century say to the preacher: To this work you are called, for this work you are paid, and in so far as you lead in this direction we will trust you and follow you, haltingly, reluctantly, oftentimes half-hearted, sometimes wrong-headed, but we will follow if you will lead on these high lines.

Thirdly. This gives me the third call of the twentieth century to the preacher, a call for leadership in spiritual adventure, leadership in moral reconstruction, leadership in civic reforms, leadership in the regeneration of society. The pulpit of the twentieth century will be vacant that will be occupied by one whose voice is not heard in the front of the battle for all public good as well as for private righteousness; by one who does not say "Go," but "Come"; by one who is not worthy to be at least a captain in the army of reform. The twentieth century preacher must be a standard-bearer in the battle line of love whose weapons are ideas, whose armor is public spirit and whose commission is public service. The twentieth century waits for spiritual leaders, religious organizers.

This triple call of the twentieth century to the preacher—1. To bring his preaching up to his thinking. 2. To bring his practice up to his preaching. 3. To lead in this work of individual, domestic and social reconstruction on the lines of the terrestial kingdom, the heavenly life on earth, does not take away from the minister any of his old tasks. Not less but more is he to be the "man of God," the voice of the spirit, the interpreter of the message, the reader of Bibles. More and not less must he lose his own aspirations in the cry of the people of which he is a part and for which he is to give his life. As ever, more than ever, is he to be the minister of religion, the consoler, the sanctifier. Through him will the devout heart of the community dedicate childhood. Through him will the common life consecrate and solemnize nuptial vows. When other voices fail and life's losses break down the strong, the preacher must ever be the minister. By the coffin his voice must be clear and by the grave he must keep him erect; for birth and death, love and shame, poverty, sickness and the surprises of success and of defeat will wait upon the mortal in the twentieth century as in the nineteenth century and all the helps of the past will be needed in the future.

Surely the church will remain, but the church of the twentieth century will differ from the church of the sixteenth or even of the nineteenth century as life differs. And the twentieth century calls upon the preacher to build this new church which if it reflects the larger thought, the newer needs, the spiritual vision of the twentieth century, will no longer be the church of an "ism," but the church of a community. It will be a church primarily federated to its geographical rather than to its theological neighbors. That is to say, the primary field of the church labor is the community which it serves and its most immediate associates are the other churches whose field lies contiguous to its own, that together they may redeem that part of God's world in which it is given them to work. Only secondarily can it be anxious for its Methodistic, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Universalist, Jewish or pagan contemporaries in remote parts of the world. The first task of the twentieth century is to make holy citizens in this world, make them in the community which the church represents, make them everywhere. This gives to the church new tasks and will call for new tools, new equipments and new methods. Its very architecture will be modified; the building will be judged more by its interior arrangements than by its exterior lines. If there is not money enough for both, the spire will be dispensed with that the reading room may be furnished; the pointed arch will be modified if an adequate amount of light in the library demands it, for the twentieth century church is to be a workshop of the spirit where a mighty industry is carried on, the industry of making independent citizens, sensible wives, loving husbands, zealous boys and girls, happy children. This industry like all legitimate industries will need all the time there is. Seven days in the week, twelve (if need be fifteen) hours a day, this church will be doing business, and the preacher will be the inspirer, the leader, in some real fashion the superintendent of this factory of morals, this machine-shop of God, planned, equipped, directed, sustained for the one purpose of creating manhood and womanhood, making the world a more tolerable place to live in for everybody, a place for enhancing the joys and ameliorating the woes of every member of the community first and of all the world ultimately.

Such a church, again, will need to utilize all the resources of the past. The new will be but a fresh appropriation of the old. Song and scripture, sermon and prayer, anthem and ritual, will be as indispensable helps in the church of the twentieth century as in that of the nineteenth, aye, more, for reverence grows with knowledge, and as George Eliot says, "Growing thought makes growing revelation." Indeed, as I see it, the most difficult and at the same time the most inspiring task that awaits the preacher of the twentieth century is the task of converting the science of the nineteenth century into the reverence of the twentieth, translating the thought of the student into the emotion of the citizen. Who ventures to articulate the aspirations of the soul in prayer essays the highest and most per-

manent task of the poet and the prophet. He tries to give expression to the universal elements in human feeling, to the fundamental aspirations of the human heart. There is not a precious text in any Bible, not a beautiful collect in any ritual, no sentence that adequately represents the humiliation, penitence and conversion, the turning point of the human soul, found in all the liturgies of the past but what will be needed and in some way used in that splendid liturgy that is to be shaped for the benefit of the coming church, a ritual brought down to date, a ritual that indeed represents the convictions and the aspirations of those who say it together. The world has never been so ready for common worship as it is today because it never had so much common life, and with the organic growth of this common life the volume of common prayers will grow.

So because the twentieth century calls upon the preacher to build the new church that will have a room for children in their joy, that will seek to give to the fingers of boys and girls an aptitude for usefulness that will be hospitable to science, it will have class-rooms for the study of all scripture, everything that is biblical in ancient or modern literature, it will welcome the man of science and if need be give him a laboratory to work in if he can better bring his resources to bear upon character building; it will all the more imperatively call upon the preacher to baptize such a church with reverence, to give it the spirit of worship, to endow it with a noble liturgy which will find glad vocalization on the part of thinking men and women.

The preacher of the nineteenth century has been afraid of this multiple church lest it might somehow dim the vision of the spirit. He has been jealous of his pulpit prerogatives and has been afraid that it would lower or cheapen the standard of the sermon. The preacher of the twentieth century will climb to his sermon on the stairway of usefulness and prove to the delight of the world that vision comes only to him who utilizes vision, spirit reveals itself only to him who seeks to adequately incarnate spirit. The inspirations of life never come to those who deliberately seek the safety and the quiescence found on the reserve line. Inspiration is found on the picket line with the advance guard, with the moving column.

Have you been smiling all this while over the obvious incongruity of this sermon? Why should I be wasting my breath and your time in preaching to preachers when there is not one of them within reach of my voice? I imagine you are saying, "What a pity he cannot preach that to the preachers. But why should he be preaching that to us?"

Well, this is not so exceptional a case as it might seem. Most of my life I have been preaching for the benefit of those who do not come to hear me. It is the pathos and the tragedy of the pulpit that those who most need its message are oftentimes least in evidence. But there are at least three reasons which seem to me sufficient to justify this sermon to the preachers.

The first is that I preached it for my own benefit. A minister every once in a while must think out for his own benefit some of the conditions of his spiritual life. It is one of the consolations of the minister that cannot be taken away from him, that he can at least feel and believe the message he bears to others, and in the effort to minister to the hearts and minds of others his own soul is renewed. I have preached this sermon because I needed something of the kind to keep me pushing towards the best that is given me to see.

Second, I have preached it hoping that you would go and tell about it and that perhaps ultimately something of it might reach some of my associates in the ministry who are thinking along these same lines and groping towards these same ideals. Go home and tell your own minister something of this I have been saying to you, if I have said anything worth your approval or disapproval, for I take it that I have this morning my usual proportion of non-resident listeners. Some of you belong to that ever-increasing class of people in this neighborhood and in every neighborhood, who belong to one church and feed at another; who use your church relationship chiefly for purposes of christenings, weddings and funerals, and for the larger part get your church sustenance on the free lunch plan, or, what is more likely, go without it altogether.

But my third and best reason for preaching this sermon to the preachers to you is that it may help me bring home to you your own favorite maxim of trade, i. e., that the public gets what it asks for. The drygoods man will justify the "loud" figures that may obtain in dress goods next spring on the score that he has to buy "what the ladies call for." The milliner excuses the hat that outrages all the canons of art and humanity that apply to a hat on the score that "that is what her customers want." The tailor disclaims responsibility for the uncouth overcoat we are beginning to see on our streets, which is a cross between a "mother Hubbard" dress and the priest's robe, on the score that "it is getting to be the style." Whatsoever of truth there is in this defense in the lower markets of the world, you may be sure applies to the higher merchandize of the spirit. If there is an element of timidity and cowardice in the utterances of the pulpit, if the preacher brings to the desk half gleams of what breaks in full gleams upon his mind in the study, if there be an interval between conviction and utterance on the part of the preacher, let it be known that you, the people, are largely responsible for it. He intimidates his own soul in the presence of the bigger intimidations of his pews. The man who has spent years in the study of problems dares not present the results of such study before the business man who is ignorant of the very sources of the information upon which a conclusion can be based lest he may be arraigned for heresy or at least be notified that a subscription is to be reduced or withdrawn. How can you expect a minister to carry his religion into the problems of the day and try to interpret politics in terms of ethics when he knows how indignant your protest will be and how promptly you will drop him if he dare have an opinion that does not run parallel with the principles of your party.

If the preachers of Chicago are today only an unorganized crowd, if they are slow in bringing the civic disgraces of Chicago into their pulpits, how could it be otherwise when they know that their own constituents are interested in and committed to all kinds of combinations, commercial, political and social, before they are committed to the combinations of righteousness and the exploitations of those truths that will reveal the iniquities of our city?

If the twentieth century is to have the new minister and is to build the new church, it must have the cooperation of men who will not make their church relations the last consideration in their calendar, give to its support and the support of their minister the fag ends of their fortune, put their contribution to these forces lower down in the list of their obligations than they do those to the milliner, the tailor, the barber and the caterer. They must not subordinate the stern, high and holy obligations to organize morals and religion to the last foolish "Function" that is called for by the silly devotees of fashion, the habitat of whose spirit is confined to the complacent club circle or "our set" who live on the boulevard and the avenue. The preachers of the nineteenth century have been fettered, aye, oftentimes paralyzed by the very constituencies that criticise them because their criticism was the debilitating criticism of the indulgent who, in dressing-gown and slippers, prefer the indulgence of a Sunday morning

cigar to the hardship of using the half-aborted organs of the soul, the half dormant cells of the brain that concern themselves with the problems of morals, civic righteousness and spiritual progress. Said a prominent and trusted business man to me the other day; "I tell my minister that men do not go to church because they do not find the churches doing anything that is worth while"; a good reason, but what about the men who stay away whenever the churches do try to do something that is worth while?

If lay men and lay women of the twentieth century want more of the inane ministry of which they complain they can have it by treating their minister with the patronizing subserviency that they give to their coachmen and exact from him only such service and such utterance as pleases their fancy, indorses their politics, does not disturb their economics and advances opinions only slightly at variance with the opinions which they have inherited from a less enlightened past and to which they have added the minimum of personal conviction, investigation or application.

The twentieth century calls for better ministers. If its call is to be heeded it must send it through the rising life of the men and women of the twentieth century. It must come through those who, feeling the mighty opportunity, resting under the awful condemnation of the poets, the prophets, and the sages, will arise, shake off their sloth, defy the paralyzing expediences which have wrecked nations in the past and blast the lives of individuals in the present, and take the words of the great Angelo and say henceforth, "I criticise by creation."

Friends of All Souls Church, will we dare to trust the vision? Will we help ourselves by helping others and strive to build a church that will be a center of life, the home of all the sweet amenities of society, the meeting ground of rich and poor, the rallying place of the reforms, the academy of applied morals, a university of the spirit?

What do you say? Are you ready for it? What are *you* going to do about it? What am *I* going to do about it?

Lo, it is the *first* Sunday in the new year of the *new* century! *It behooves us to make deliberate answer!*

Into the chill Autumn day has come the breath of Summer. The bare maple branches stand out against a sky of turquoise and silver, with here and there a single leaf forgotten by the frost.

The russet oaks have given up their splendor and with every passing breeze a frightened company of leaves scurries down the road. Suddenly torn from the lofty height where they have swung all summer long, they seemingly cannot understand the change.

To be trampled by careless feet, when they once looked down upon the earth in supreme unconcern—alas, it is the way of the world! To lie in the dust while the slow chemistry of Nature makes them one with the soil—this, too, is the way of all living things.

To go back to the elements from whence they came, to be re-created in the beautiful and ever-changing form—is this what we call death? Let us say rather, it is immortality.—*From Later Love Letters of a Musician, by Myrtle.*

"What's your purpose here?" asked the savage.

"We are going to *civilize you*," answered the white man, who had just landed.

"Ah! what do you use—*Springfield, Lee-Metford or Krag-Jorgensen?*"—*Washington Star.*

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for while present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Born at Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842. He received an insufficient college education, graduating, however, with first honors from Oglethorpe College, Midway, Ga. He served in the Confederate army as a volunteer and private from 1861 to 1865. His great passions were for music and poetry and with noble courage he chose to develop these his richest talents in a difficult life rather than to sacrifice them in uncongenial pursuits. He wrote, delivered lectures and played in the Peabody symphony concerts of Baltimore, all at a time when he was a constant sufferer from consumption. This illness caused his untimely death September 7, 1881.

Rose-Morals.

I—RED.

Would that my songs might be
  What roses make by day and night—
Distillments of my clod of misery
  Into delight.

Soul, could'st thou bare thy breast
  As yon red rose, and dare the day,
All clean, and large, and calm with velvet rest?
  Say yea—say yea!

Ah, dear my Rose, good-bye,
  The wind is up, so drift away.
That songs from me as leaves from thee may fly,
  I strive, I pray.

II—WHITE.

Soul, get thee to the heart
  Of yonder tuberose; hide thee there—
There breathe the meditations of thine art
  Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave yet light,
  How fervent fragrances uprise
Pure-born from these most rich and yet most white
  Virginities!

Mulched with unsavory death,
  Grow, Soul, unto such white estate
That virginal, prayerful art shall be thy breath,
  Thy work, thy fate.

Song for "the Jacquerie."

The hound was cuffed, the hound was kicked,
O' the ears was cropped, o' the tail was nicked,
(All) Oo-hoo-o, howled the hound.
The hound into his kennel crept;
He rarely wept, he never slept,
His mouth he always open kept,
Licking his bitter wound,
The hound,
(All) U-lu-lo, howled the hound.

A star upon his kennel shone
That showed the hound a meat-bare bone.
(All) O, hungry was the hound!
The hound had but a churlish wit;
He seizes the bone, he crunched, he bit,
"And thou wert Master, I had slit
Thy throat with a huge wound,"
Quo' hound.
(All) O, angry was the hound.

The star in castle window shone,
The master lay abed, alone.
(All) Oh ho, why not? quo' hound.
He leapt, he seizes the throat, he tore
The Master, head from neck, to floor,
And rolled the head i' the kennel door,
And fled and salved his wound,
Good hound!
(All) U-lu-lo, howled the hound.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Plaint of an Outcast Woman When Dying.

My life is ebbing out,
No friends stand round about,
  None weep for me.
  Man loathes his work, and God,
Knowing the path I've trod,
  Scans cruelly.

First sinned against,—in turn
I lived to blast and burn,
  To blight and damn;
I seared and scorched like flame,
I withered name and fame,
  Accursed I am.

No eye hath looked on me
Nor looked rebukingly
  In all these years.
I have known scorn of scorn,
Been pierced by hate's keen thorn,
  Regret's fierce tears.

Mothers have cursed and wives,
Men with their ruined lives
  Deepened the curse;
Some, young and innocent,
Unthinking, aid have lent
  To make me worse.

Ever to lower deeps
Making more shameful leaps
  From day to day,
Till not a spot is found
In all this earth's wide round
  Where I may stay.

God! will not even this
Atone for one mad bliss
  Followed by life of pain;
Wilt thou not even now
Wash from this burning brow
  That scarlet stain?

Wilt thou not bid me lie
Under the open sky
  In quiet down;
And under sod, at last
Forget the fatal past,
  Forget thy frown?

And when the good come near,
Who it is sleeping here
  May they not know;
Then shall I never feel
Repulsion on them steal
  As by they go.

And sometime,—far away—
Some one may linger—stay
  An idle hour,
And in sweet Charity,
Unknowing all of me,
  May plant a flower.

Welcome abhorrent death!
Where pain fills every breath
  Hearts have no fears;
And pain and I have spent
Within the same close tent
  These many years.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Notes.

Here we have a treasure, indeed—a complete set of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's works. What of the noble and cultured has Higginson not been identified with? I have naturally opened Contemporaries first of all; because here are delightful pictures of men whom I knew, as well as some whom I did not know. Emerson heads the list; but there is little said of him that is new. The notes on Phillips are full of interest. It is related that an Englishman pointing out Wendell Phillips and Quincy walking down Park street, said to George Ticknor, the publisher: "Who are those two men? They are the only two men I have seen in your country who look like gentlemen." Phillips looked like an aristocrat, it is true; but he had the soul of a democrat. Higginson says that Phillips once expressed a wish that he might have been United States Senator from Massachusetts. But he never sold himself, or anybody else, to secure that honor or any other. May America begin to breed such a race, in the place of our nasty little politicians, who trade not only themselves but their country for office and money. I suppose that the volume entitled Studies in Romance will draw the most readers; or possibly Cheerful Yesterdays. But for my part I sit down to an immediate reading of Women and the Alphabet—not a very excellent title, to cover a book packed full of wit, manhood and the spirit of a king. One thing you will note, never can you open a page of Higginson without finding Higginson himself. This is not egotism; but the presence of a strong individuality, ever ready to stand in front of the weak and wronged, and do their battle for them. I cannot help feeling that in reviewing the books of Mr. Higginson I am reviewing the author himself. In American history, after woman has secured her citizen rights, Higginson will be remembered chiefly as the leading champion in that great reform. From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* * *

A little handbook comes to the table, entitled "A History of American Literature." This is a very compact volume, intended for use in the class-room, but it will serve admirably for a reference book in any library. I find the accounts of Charles Brockton Brown, Cooper, Irving and Poe most admirable. There is also an appendix giving us extracts from Colonial and Revolutionary history. Other reference notes of great value are found appended to the volume.

* * *

I suppose there is no passage in the history of the nineteenth century more thrilling than the invasion of Russia by Napoleon. On it turned not only the history of this century, but the great battle of the coming century turns on the same event. Had Napoleon succeeded in beating back Russia, or dismembering the huge conglomerate, the autocratic element of civilization would easily have been eliminated. As it is, the Anglo-Saxon world has now before it to demonstrate that democracy is nobler and better than centralized despotism. One-third of Europe and one-half of Asia believes in the Czar, and as thoroughly believes that democracy is a disease, and popular education a mischief. The story of Napoleon's invasion has been told over and over again, but never from the standpoint of the unprejudiced historical critic, until the work of Hereford B. George, Fellow of Oxford University. His magnificent work, "Napoleon's Invasion of Russia; With Maps and Plans," is republished in this country by the New Amsterdam Book Company, Fifth avenue, New York. Mr. George concludes that Napoleon was beaten by time and space, and not by winter. With this work comes another on Napoleon at St. Helena by Lord Rosebery, published by Harper Bros. The author concludes that "authoritative democracy, or, in other words, democratic dictatorship, the idea which produced the second empire in France, and which, in various forms, has found favor elsewhere, is the political legacy, perhaps a final message of Napoleon." No better definition of Napoleon has been written. He was the democratic autocrat. Is it impossible to detect a good deal of this autocratic democracy in American history? Will it ever be able to secure control of the republic?

* * *

An unusually valuable campaign book was issued recently, which should not be allowed to go out of sight because the campaign is closed. I refer to a very com-

pact, paper-bound book, entitled "Momentous Issues," compiled by George H. Shibley, of the Bureau of Economic Research, New York City. I do not agree with all that he says, but I think the book will be of radical value to any reader of UNITY. Address Schulte Pub. Co., 125 Dearborn St., Chicago.

* * *

It is with decided pleasure that we find our friend, Hon. Samuel J. Barrows, selected to fill the vacancy of corresponding secretary in the Prison Association of New York. E. P. P.

The Peace Conference at the Hague.*

Dr. Holls was one of the American delegates to the Peace Conference. In his book he gives us an interesting history of that famous meeting—the story of its calling, its membership, the work done in the three committees, the discussion upon the proposition by the United States regarding private property on the high seas, the conference from day to day. In a final chapter he presents the bearings of the conference upon International Law and Policy. After this matter, which is most attractively and popularly presented, he gives, in appendices, the full text of the final act, treaties and declarations adopted by the conference, the official report of the American Commission and a description of the Hugo Grotius celebration at Delft on July 4, 1899.

Public memory regarding the Congress is still too fresh for us to recall in detail the circumstances of its calling. For the first time representatives from many nations met, *in a time of peace,* to discuss limitation of armament, establishment of permanent peace and amelioration of the horrors of war. They gathered at the request of the autocratic ruler of a great nation, whose national tendency at the time was toward increasing armament and the assumption of a dictatorial position in international affairs. His avowed motives were at once humanitarian and economic.

The conference was opened at The Hague on May 18, 1899, the birthday of the Czar Nicholas, its suggestor. Twenty-six nations were represented by just one hundred delegates. The meetings were characterized by mutual kindliness and consideration on the part of the delegates. On the whole the results of the conference were less than the nations most interested had a right to expect. Three treaties and three declarations were drawn up. The three treaties were: The convention for the peaceful adjustment of international differences, the convention on the laws and customs of war on land, and the convention for the extension of the principles of the Geneva convention to naval warfare. The three declarations concerned, the prohibition of the throwing of projectiles from balloons, the prohibition of the use of projectiles containing asphyxiating gases, and the prohibition of bullets which expand. These conventions and declarations, and a series of wishes, represent some gain, but they amount to comparatively little and have no binding force. They are, however, in the nature of precedents, and may lead to more important results in the future. The establishment of a permanent, international Tribunal for Arbitration was a distinct gain.

One fact must strike the thoughtful reader: Three great nations uniformly objected to the really important and advanced propositions brought before the conference. Every practical proposition promising tangible results was opposed or rendered nugatory by Great Britain, Germany and the United States. The Transvaal, China and the Philippines evidence that this attitude was not accidental. Great Britain signed none of the three conventions for ameliorating the horrors of war. The expert of the United States vigorously opposed the prohibition of projectiles containing asphyxiating gases, on the ground that *we do not yet know how destructive such may be,* and we ought not to prohibit them until we do. England refused to consider the prohibition of expanding bullets and made a set argument in defense of the notorious "dum dum" bullet. These are fair examples of the attitude of the three great Teutonic nations! Opposed to this we find remarkable readiness on the part of "warlike" nations, like France, Russia and Italy, to yield personal views and advantages in order that the conference might reach truly important results.

Mr. Holls' book is interesting and highly important. No student of international questions—and today every intelligent American should be such—can afford to be without it. FREDERICK STARR.

* Frederick W. Holls, New York, 1900. Macmillan Co., 8 pp. xxiv. 572. $3.00.

THE SOCIAL CRITIC.

A college graduate recently came to the Critic's sanctum and asked for advice as to his future profession. When we inquired concerning his fitness and his choice he replied: "Well, I don't feel exactly fitted for anything—that is for anything in particular. I have taken a four years' course because I had a notion that a college course was the right thing. Then I had to take Latin and Greek, in certain quantities, but honestly I do not know anything about them. I selected philology and psychology, and geology and mathematics. Perhaps they didn't work together very well; at any rate I am quite sure that I do not know enough to either teach them or to comprehend them. Philology turned out to be a lot of laws about language, whereas I supposed language grew up naturally, and the only interest I can feel in languages is that they are part of a man's life." That is good, replied the Critic; you are right on that point, and certainly do know something about philology. "Oh, yes," he interrupted, "the philology that I have learned has no man or any soul in it—no more than the desert of Sahara. As for psychology, it is much of the same sort; not half as good as that which was taught by our fathers in their common sayings and proverbs. If I sum up all that I have secured, I am master nowhere, and I am on no road to become a master." Perhaps, suggested the Critic, you have a strong bias to some pursuit. "I will tell you what," he said, "I would go back to farming in a moment if I were not ashamed to do it. But I am ashamed; that is where I came from, and I don't care to go back to the old spot from which I started." But, hinted the Critic, was not George Washington a farmer? "Yes, yes; but that was a hundred years ago—well, I suppose I will have to teach for a while, till something turns up."

Teach! Is it not about time that our schools were rid of these pedagogical unfitnesses? When a college graduate cannot see his way to anything else he takes up teaching. There really is no more important social function than that of instructing the young. Social evolution depends far more on our schools than on our legislation. We have full sympathy with President Schurman's protest against any more amateurishness in our schools. Let the teachers' profession be the most strictly defined and the best guarded. Let it be a real profession, that will admit no one who cannot give to it a life purpose; a sacred desire to do good; a trained moral will. To pay up debts! Bah! Let us hear no more of it.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—It is one of the laws of life that each acquisition has its cost.
MON.—He who would be wise must daily earn his wisdom.
TUES.—The truth which another man has won from nature or from life is not our truth until we have lived it.
WED.—Misery is nature's protest against degeneration.
THURS.—No one is really miserable who has not tried to cheapen life.
FRI.—No one rides dead-head on the road to happiness.
SAT.—To react against adversity is to make fortune our servant. —*David Starr Jordan.*

Grandma.

When grandma puts her glasses on
  And looks at me—just so,—
If I have done a naughty thing,
  She's sure, somehow, to know.
How is it she can always tell
  So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
  'Tis written in your eye!"
And, if I look the other way,
  And turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
  She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on
  And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
  So very, very wise?
Now what if I should find it true
  That grandma had been naughty, too?

But, ah, what am I thinking of?
  To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life
  But sweet and kind and good?
I'd better try myself to be
  So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day,
  I'll never want to run away.

—*Selected.*

A Kind Good-bye.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers, carefully wrapped in white tissue paper.

"Wait a minute," said the latter, as he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know who they're for," she said; "they're for gran'ma."

"Yes," assented the giver, "with my love."

"Well, I do declare," observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprise me. I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies."

"Just with one old lady"—laughing. "You see, it is this way: When I was a boy, this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. I left the house where I had been boarding with a heavy heart. No one cared that I was going away; no one would miss me.

"I stopped for Dan—that was my chum's name—on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-bye. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him.

"'Good-bye, my boy; God bless you,' I heard her say.

"No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself, bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face.

"'Good-bye, David,' she said, gently, holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called—oh, so sweetly, I can hear her now, even after all these years—'Dave, my dear boy, aren't you going to say good-bye to Dannie's mother? Aren't you Davie?' I turned and took her hands. The loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held her hand while she kissed me. Then, gently loosening my grasp of her hands she threw her arms about me.

"'Good-bye, Davie,' she said, 'I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.'"

The gentleman's lips quivered.

"The world grew bright to me then and there," he continued; "I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and in college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul. 'Good-bye, Davie; I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.' God has blessed me."

"Where is Dan?" asked his friend.

"Dan died six years ago. That is his little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring sunshine into her life, and I thank God that I am able to do so."—*Selected.*

Rutherford B. Hayes and the Farmer.

While attending Kenyon College, former President Rutherford B. Hayes used to take long walks into the country, generally accompanied by a couple of companions of a fun-loving disposition. How this once got them into trouble is shown in a story which we find in the Philadelphia *Press*. One day they met an old farmer. The long white beard of the farmer gave him a patriarchal appearance, and while he was approaching the students they arranged to give him a "jollying."

One of them doffed his hat with great reverence and respect, as he said, "Good morning, Father Abraham."

The second saluted the old farmer and said, "Good morning, Father Isaac."

Mr. Hayes, not to be outdone in affability and politeness, extended his hand as he said, "Good morning, Father Jacob."

Ignoring the outstretched hand of Mr. Hayes, the old farmer replied: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken in the man. I am neither Abraham. Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent out to seek his father's asses, and lo! I have found them."—*The Voice.*

The opossum is a funny little fellow. No matter how badly he is hurt he never says anything, but runs off just as fast as he can; but if he is caught he will lie down and act as if he were dead. Then he is "playing 'possum." Once a boy caught an opossum and brought it home. It never moved, and he thought it had been killed, so he laid it down by the doorstep and went into the house to tell his mother. In a few moments, when he came back, the opossum was gone. It had run away.

Some mother opossums have a nice fur pocket on the breast of their coats, and they put their little babies in that pocket. There the little baby opossums go to sleep, and the mamma walks around with her babies in her pocket.

Farmers do not like them to come near, for they will run away with the chickens. They will also catch rabbits, and are very fond of eating melons. Sometimes they do great damage to a melon patch.

The opossum makes a home for itself in some hollow log, or in a hole at the roots of a tree. When the nights begin to get cold it will gather a lot of dried grass, roll it up in its long tail, and thus carry it to its nest to make it warm and snug. But it does not sleep all through the cold weather as some animals do.—*Child Garden.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.

FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Hiram W. Thomas. Jane Addams. John W. Chadwick.
Caroline Bartlett Crane. Emil G. Hirsch. E. P. Powell.
Oscar L. Triggs. R. A. White. Joseph Stoltz.
John Faville. Frederick Starr. Granville Ross Pike.
Henry M. Simmons. Frederick E. Dewhurst Joseph H. Crooker.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Ye Stars My Helpers Are.

Bright stars, of thy strength never waning,
While glimmering there in the sky,
Ye are speaking like voices of angels
To souls who are weary as I.
Ye reach me,
And teach me
A hope that is born from on high.

As a kite on a cord, frail and slender,
Swift mounts into air,
So my heart, 'neath thy beams warm and tender,
Soars to God in prayer;
For thy far speeding rays from out heaven
Are whispers of love that is given
Rich and free
Unto me.

There's a joy in thy message, unspoken,
And comfort and cheer,
Broad in expanse as God's mercy
For His children here.
And thy symbols of light are impelling,
Like wisdom in souls who are telling:
"Love alone
Doth atone."

Like the beckoning hand of the Father—
Smiles wreathing His face—
Ye are linking his children together,
Making one, the race.
Till the same living spark through thee shining
In men's souls we now are divining.
And heaven's door
Swings once more.

Dear stars, in thy beauty transcending
The shimmering blue of the sea,
Ye are lifting my soul to my Maker,
Who also in wisdom made thee,
And all men
'Neath his ken,
Partake of his love full and free.

RACINE, WIS. STELLA H. SEED.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—All Souls Church, Grand Rapids, is rejoicing over the fact that it has just succeeded in raising the entire amount of its $12,000 indebtedness. The work was begun by Mr. Sprague before he left Grand Rapids, and has been carried to a triumphant conclusion chiefly by the efforts of two of the trustees in the absence of a settled minister.

UNITARIAN ACTIVITIES.

MOLINE, ILL.—Rev. Wesley Haskell, until recently minister of the Second Congregational Church at Rockford, Ill., has cast his lot with the Unitarian Society at Moline and has begun his labors there.

JACKSON, MICH.—Rev. William Forkell, recently minister of the First Methodist Church of Green Bay, Wis., has just received a call to the Unitarian Society of this place. Mr. Forkell will find the way prepared for him at Jackson by the successful ministry of Rev. Fred V. Hawley, now at Louisville.

MT. PLEASANT, MICH.—Rev. A. M. Lithbany, of Morenci, Mich., recently of the Congregational ministry of this city, has accepted a call to the Unitarian Church at Mount Pleasant. This church has just been revived by the efforts of the state missionary in Michigan, Rev. Florence Buck.

MANISTEE, MICH.—New courage and hope is being infused into the Unitarian Society at Manistee, where Miss Buck is preaching at the present time.

SALEM, OHIO.—A new Unitarian church at Salem, Ohio, was formally organized last Sunday evening. Mr. Mason, of Pittsburg, and Mr. Simons, of Cleveland, are conducting Sunday evening services there at the present time.

F. C. S.

Foreign Notes.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.—A curious little devotional book bearing this title has recently come to hand from Switzerland. It comes from the old city of Edren, and seems to take one back to the days of our grandfathers, or even beyond, opening up to every thoughful person the whole question of the nature and office of prayer. It is so unique and suggestive that I trust the kind friends who sent it will pardon me for describing and commenting on their gift in public.

The little book has the ordinary form and features of a pocket account or notebook, save the pencil. Its title-page, translated from the French, reads as follows: "Pray without ceasing. A memory aid for methodic and regular prayer arranged by M. L. E. Rilliet." Passing over for the moment the compiler's preface, let us see in what the book consists. First a page of New Testament quotations regarding prayer, beginning with that which gives title to the book. Then two pages for the personal prayer of every day, one for morning, one for evening. These are headed with appropriate texts, and divided below into five spaces for the different elements of which a prayer should consist, namely: Adoration, confession, supplication, intercession, thanksgiving; each with its appropriate scripture text and space for the insertion of "personal subjects." These pages are followed by the "Weekly cycle": a morning and evening page for every day in the week, with daily texts and "Subjects of prayer," general in the morning and personal at night, also space for the insertion of "Special subjects." After this comes the "General cycle": two pages for every day in the month. The first page for each day resembles the morning page in the "Daily cycle," but the second is simply divided into a wide and a narrow column for the names of friends and of the months. This cycle is followed by a certain number of columned pages for the special subjects of prayer at any particular date, and also for the answers to prayer with date, also by number of pages for personal notes.

It is not strange that on casual inspection one should exclaim: "Why, it has a kind of Roman Catholic aspect! What is it?" for it undeniably suggests the taking a leaf from Catholic experience and cultivating devoutness by making prayer a formal "religious exercise," scarcely less so than the telling of beads. Are such religious exercises helpful and desirable? On this point opinions may honestly differ, but I opine that the little notebook would not commend itself to the typical American protestant, and for the following reasons primarily: It violates all his instincts as to the spontaneity of prayer and the highest form of communion with the divine. For making prayer a matter of notebook and memoranda and reducing it to a systematic night and morning exercise, the compiler loses sight from the very beginning, it seems to us, of the fundamental spirit of that apostolic injunction which she has chosen for her title. It is not when one is on his knees at a given hour looking over his notebook to see that nothing shall be omitted from his petition that one follows the apostle's counsel to "pray without ceasing," but when the All-Father's presence has become so real, and dear, and near that in the stress, and whirl, and trial of daily life one turns instinctively uncounted times to him for strength, courage, insight, guidance, comfort, for oneself or others, and in quick-springing gratitude for answer given. Then it is that one learns to trust the promises because one sees their fulfillment hour by hour. It was the old idea to have "seasons of prayer," just as one talked of the Lord's Day," the "Lord's house," and one's "religious duties." It is the growing conviction today that *all* days are his, that *we* are his temple, and that *all* life's duties are religious. With this conception the apostle's "pray without ceasing" seems in perfect harmony. It is this conception that we want to emphasize and train ourselves in, not the dual one. In this lies regenerating power, and this is the prayer that must prevail. Further, if one were to make a minor criticism on the content or analysis of prayer here given, one might question whether in the truly grateful soul thanksgiving does not, in any extended prayer, spontaneously precede the new petitions. To my thought it is one of the first elements, very closely linked with adoration.

So much for one's personal attitude toward God. But there is another aspect: The relation to one's fellows. The compiler says in her preface that it is far from her thought to offer a manual of prayer, she simply seeks to aid the memory by in-

troducing a systematic and regular order there. "How often," she naively adds, "friends, the sick, the afflicted, the directors of religious undertakings, say to us: 'Pray for me, for my family, my work.' Touched at the time and moved by a very real sympathy, we promise to do so, we keep our word for a time, and then, little by little our interest weakens till we finally forget both the subject and our promise." Hence this notebook plan to jog our memories. Here again, it would seem, love is the test. One recalls H. H.'s lines on the lover who pleaded forgetfulness in extenuation of some unintentional hurt or slight. The plea was accepted,

"But all the same, deep in her heart
Rankled this thought, and rankles yet,
When love is at its best, one loves
So much that he *cannot forget*."

If our interest were great enough to be effective, should we need a notebook to remind us of the prayer? Doubtless prayer is a force, as thought is a force; but how much can one really think of, or pray for, effectively? Where is the power generated, in the heart or in the brain? Very likely if Miss Rilliet were familiar with American hymnology she might reply:

"Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run,
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one,"

and point out that this is her way of making channels. From this standpoint one must respect the effort, but I fear, nevertheless, that she will not convert many of us to the notebook system of prayer. M. E. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEPONSET PRESS, BOSTON.

"Theodore Parker." By Albert Walkley.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

"The Royal Houses of Israel and Judah." An Interwoven History with a Harmony of Parallel Passages. By George O. Little, D.D. 8vo, cloth, 351 pp. Price $3.00. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

...THE...

Michigan Congress of Religion

Second Meeting

Co-operating with the National CONGRESS OF RELIGION, Benton Harbor, January 15, 16, 17, 1901.

THE INVITATION.

All under whose eyes this notice my fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of Religion as things of the Spirit and Purpose, rather than of Speculative Opinion: Things too great for dogmatic expression and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial:

All those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense interdenominational; we mean to forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandment—Love to God and equal love to our fellows.

The congress is to be held in the Universalist Church on pleasant street.

Come, accept our hospitality and share this spiritual feast. A. K. BEEM, Pastor.

Among the speakers announced are Rev. F. V. Hawley, Louisville, Kentucky, Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo, J. Stitt Wilson and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. For full program write to Rev. A. K. Beem, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

PLAIN TALK IN PSALM AND PARABLE.

By Ernest Howard Crosby.

Edwin Markham says of this book that it is "one of the significant books of the time—a suggestive and inspiring utterance."

Count Tolstoy says: "I like the book very much. Some of the pieces—the choice is difficult because all are very good—I will have translated into Russian and published."

Miss Jane Addams says: "The book is the latest, and to my mind the clearest and highest expression of that democracy which regards the progress of the race not only as the sole object of rational effort, but holds that human experience and intercourse afford the surest guide in the direction of that effort.'

The following are a few of many favorable newspaper criticisms:

"There is a strange power in some of these songs—the power which sincere conviction carries with it. . . . It is a strong book."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"The earnestness of the old Hebrew prophets."—*Literary Digest.*

"His quaint and rugged chants, unpolished and unadorned, are not without genuine power, the more so that they are unmarred by the slightest trace of affectation or pose. Their challenge is so simple and direct that the reader cannot evade it, but finds himself asking, "Am I the man?"—*Christian Advocate.*

"Do not fail to get and read 'Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable.' It is a fine, true, high, noble, unselfish word. It will do you good, no matter what you believe. There is a profit in its reading you cannot afford to miss."—*New York Journal.*

This book, handsomely printed and bound, may be ordered at any bookseller's or will be sent postpaid on receipt of $1.50 by the publishers, Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

All Points West

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

Through trains Chicago to Des Moines, Mason City, Sioux City, Omaha, The Black Hills, Denver, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland and Copper Country.

Ticket offices 212 Clark Street and Wells Street Station.

THE PHILOSOPHER PRESS
PRINT SHOP

AT THE SIGN OF THE GREEN PINE TREE, WAUSAU, WISCONSIN.

Van Vechten & Ellis, Publishers of the Philosopher Magazine.

Makers of Hand Made Books.

An American Mother and Other Stories, by Mary Lanmam Underwood	$1.50
A Lodging for the Night, by Robert Louis Stevenson	2.00
Hand illuminated	5.00
The Sermon on the Mount	2.00
Elaine, by Alfred Tennyson	2.00
Hand illuminated	5.00
Jenny, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti	2.00
Hand illuminated	5.00
Ode to a Nightingale, Keats	.25
Hand illuminated	1.00

THE BACHELOR BOOK.

William Ellis, Publisher.

Subscription Price, per annum $1.00

THE BACHELOR BOOK FOR DECEMBER

contains the second of a series of articles by the editor on *Famous Bachelors*, of which the subject is *Frances Willard.*

Mrs. Van Vechten continues the delightful work of fitting up *The Bachelor Girl's Den*, taking up the decoration of windows.

Miss Sampson gives the latest developments in correct dress and genral *Fashion Gossip.*

The poems are *A Bachelor's Christmas Eve* by Albert Hardy and *A Daniel Come to Judgment* by Edmund Vance Cooke.

"Quotation Cards"

SOMETHING NEW and beautiful. Carefully selected Quotations from the best writers, reproduced from etching on cards which are artistically decorated in water color. Nothing more appropriate as Souvenir or Holiday gift. Prices from 50 cents to $1.50 per dozen. Special rates by the hundred. Also, Channing's Symphony, Somebody, Pathway to Peace, Guest Chamber Slumber Song, and others, size 9x12, 15 cents each. Ingalls' Opportunity and Kipling's "Only the Master shall praise us," hand work, 25 cents each. Mail orders promptly filled.

The Bowrons

305 E. 43d Street, Chicago, Ill.

Home Seekers' Excursions.

On December 18, January 1 and 15, February 5 and 19, March 5 and 19 and April 2 and 16, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets (good for 21 days) to a great many points in South and North Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan, at about one fare for the round trip. For further information as to rates, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony building, Chicago.

The Roycroft Shop

East Aurora, N. Y.

The Roycrofters will gladly send any book they have on hand to the faithful, "on suspicion."

A POSTAL CARD WILL DO IT.

CHRISTMAS EVE: By Robert Browning, with a sincere and gracious study of the poem by Mary H. Hull.

Price of the book on Boxmoor, hand-illuminated, bound in limp chamois, silk-lined is.....$2.00
Fifty copies on Japan Vellum, bound in limp ooze calf... 7.50

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM: Printed from engraved plates made in our Shop—no type used in printing this book. Each quatrain in hand-illumined border. The book is quite different, and some people like it and some do not.

Nine hundred and twenty-five copies on imported English Boxmoor paper, bound in limp chamois, silk-lined. Price per volume .....$ 5.00
Forty copies on Japan Vellum specially bound in ooze calf 10.00

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER: By John Ruskin. You know the story of how Ruskin wrote this tale for a beautiful little girl—and you know who this little girl was! All written in love and therefore vital, potent—charged with meaning. The book-making part was a labor of love, too.

Frontispiece photogravure portrait of the author on Chinese paper.

On Boxmoor. Price of the book.....$ 2.00
350 copies, specially illumined 5.00
Forty copies on Japan vellum, each..... 10.00

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RAILWAY
CHICAGO AND ALTON
PERFECT PASSENGER SERVICE

BETWEEN

CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY,
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS,
CHICAGO AND PEORIA,
ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY.

THROUGH PULLMAN SERVICE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., DENVER, Colo.,
TEXAS, FLORIDA, UTAH,
CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.

IF YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING A TRIP, ANY PORTION OF WHICH CAN BE MADE OVER THE CHICAGO & ALTON, IT WILL PAY YOU TO WRITE TO THE UNDERSIGNED FOR RATES, MAPS, TIME-TABLES, ETC.

GEO. J. CHARLTON,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,
CHICAGO, ILL.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily

DIAMOND SPECIAL
NIGHT TRAIN
DAYLIGHT SPECIAL
DAY TRAIN

between Chicago and St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Parlor-Café Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis Reads via Illinois Central Railroad. It can be obtained of your local ticket agent.
A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

OMAHA
SIOUX CITY

THE ST. PAUL ROAD

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.
SHORT LINE
ELECTRIC-LIGHTED TRAINS
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
Ticket Office, 95 Adams Street.

THE LUXURIOUS EVERY-DAY TRAIN TO

California

THE

Overland Limited

Leaves Chicago 6.30 P. M.
VIA
Chicago & North-Western
Union Pacific and
Southern Pacific System

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

SEND FOR BOOKLET "CALIFORNIA ILLUSTRATED" TO

461 Broadway, - New York
601 Ches't St., Philadelphia
368 Washington St., Boston
301 Main St., - - Buffalo
212 Clark St., - Chicago
435 Vine St., - Cincinnati
507 Smithf'ld St., Pittsburg
234 Superior St., Cleveland
17 Campus Martius, Detroit
2 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO